

# Vinnie Paz - Aristotle's Dilemma Lyrics

(\*Prod. by Madlib)

[Intro:]

Silly girl to be a fool\*  
You didn't play the golden rule  
'Cause once you're through with one world  
There's another waiting there

[Verse 1:]

Y'all motherfuckers walk around like you got a wire  
My watch face the same size as a Ducati tire  
Everybody hit the deck when the shotty fire  
Vinnie give your team problems like I'm Stoudemire  
Your fam should be ashamed of you still  
This ain't a cookout but Vinnie put the flame to your grill  
You claim to be real but y'all just end up painfully killed  
My four-fifth is vicious, cold enough for Satan to chill  
I don't give a fuck cousin, everybody can fry  
Everyone could be a victim, everybody could cry  
Only a real man look another dead in the eye  
And tell him that he only got like twenty seconds to die  
I'm slow but I realise that's my best pace  
My voice raw, when I spit it crack through my chest plate  
I ain't the type of motherfucker to test fate  
The type of motherfucker to increase the arrest rate  
Streets fucked up suffering bad, there's no kush  
Motherfuckers stuck hustling skag  
Yeah, same ones get stuck with the mag  
Hard rock turn to rubble cause he's fucking a fag

[Chorus:]

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[Verse 2:]

I'm a go hard till nothing is left  
Till there's nothing left in the world, nothing but death  
And the .38 tucked in my vest  
And I stare at my guns like they're a pair of voluptuous breasts

I don't care, I'll take one in my chest  
If it means seeing my father again and maybe touching his flesh  
I'll walk around with thirty guns in my sweats  
If it means that I'm eating and my mother eating, son of success  
I see the world different than y'all  
I have more determination and persistence than y'all  
It's probably why I have such a resistance to y'all  
It's probably why I been so much more consistent than y'all  
It's business-involved, I'm everything that you could possibly dream  
I'm a mathematician, I'm a vision, I'm a machine  
Know what I mean? I roll with brothers pushing rock to the fiends  
Roll with brothers who love their mothers, stay on top of their Deen  
Louie Dogs rap harder than most  
And I got something that rearrange your face and turn your pop to a ghost  
You get rocked with the toast  
And I make you put your hands up like people that are talking in quotes

[Repeat Chorus:]